









MAY 2018 Volume 44 Number 13 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



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HustlerSub.com

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HISTLER ROSH-01-9-4039, bit. 4.4 No. 13. May 2016. The U.S. edition of HISTLER is published monthly and histo in July by LIP Publishing Group, LLC at 84-94 Nilestern Studieserd, Sullies 900, Benerly Hills, C.A. 96/211. Copyright C. 2016 LIP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved, Morting here mis to be important accompany almostractive, chankings, phothographs, etc., if they are to be inflamed, and LIP Publishing Group, LLC assessment in responsibility for unscitoffed material. A letter seet to HISTLER will be telested as unconditionally assigned to publication and copyright purposes and as subject to MISTLERS in 1916 to edit and comment endorsal, Any amiliarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or protes is purely conditional. All phothes prest by protessional nodes except as otherwise node. Netter said phothes nor works used to describe them are meant to decid models "subul conduct, delibered to resources used to describe them are meant to decid models" subul conduct, delibered to resources as

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The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 4848 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is February 20, 2018.

Cover photo by Tammy Sands
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



TRUMP THE RACIST

eing a racist may not necessarily be an impeachable offense, but it should be. We've known that Trump is a racist from Day One, but it just seems to be getting worse.

The evidence dates way back to 1973, when the Justice Department sued Trump Management, Trump and his father Fred for discrimination against Afro-Americans in their New York housing developments. Eventually they settled out of court and agreed to change their discriminatory policies without an admission of quilt.

At the other end of the timeline, Trump recently denied guilt again over calling African nations, Haiti and El Salvador "shitholes" in an immigration meeting. Of course he said it, which shows not only how racist he is, but also how stupid.

Many Americans have advocated for a more merit-based immigration policy—like the one used in Canada and Australia—without discriminating against any nation or race. But Trump's deep-seated beliefs came shining through with the "shithole" and preference-for-Norway remarks.

While he was still in the private sector, Trump claimed, in an interview with Bryant Gumbel, that, "A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market." On what paranoid planet is that true? Blacks continue to have higher rates of unemployment and lower rates of pay than most other Americans. During the campaign he sug-

gested that Mexican immigrants were rapists. White supremacists are some of his most fanatical supporters. He pled ignorance and stumbled before disavowing ex-Klan grand wizard David Duke's support. And after the Charlottesville neo-Nazi torchlight march turned violent, he claimed there were "very fine people" on both sides.

We've made a lot of progress toward racial justice since 1973, but Donald Trump has not really budged an inch. Much of his cabinet is composed of white male billionaires—the whitest since Reagan. He's a step back even from George W. Bush.

Let's hope the next election is not one where people vote their pocketbook, as past history has indicated. Hopefully Americans will vote their hearts and realize that the moral fiber of this country is critical to our future. Human decency must prevail or life is not worth living. I am not saying that all Republicans are racist, but I am saying that if you are a racist, then the GOP is your party.

Larry Flynt Publisher



"Mom, Dad, I know you're leaving to go vote for Republicans in the midterm elections! We can't let you make that stupid mistake! Tie 'em up, sis!"

STRANGELOVIAN MADMEN

WHICH LEADER POSES A GRAVER THREAT TO HUMANITY, NORTH KOREA'S OR OUR VERY OWN DONALD TRUMP?

n January 2, President Donald Trump tweeted, "North Korean Leader Kim Jong Un just stated that the 'Nuclear Button is on his desk at all times.' Will someone from his depleted and food starved regime please inform him that I too have a Nuclear Button, but it is a much bigger & more powerful one than his, and my Button works!"

As many historians and journalists have argued, the inevitable lust for mayhem in foreign policy has always been about penis envy. But as we begin the 2,018th year after the birth of the Prince of Peace, who would have thought that a *U.S.* President would be bragging about the size of his button?

Of course Donald Trump's red button is far bigger, at least when it comes to triggering mass destruction, than the North Korean rocket man's, but shouldn't that have been obvious? Evidently not to a President who had been publicly humiliated when a diminutive opponent in the GOP primaries said that Trump's relatively small hands signified that the brash billionaire couldn't be trusted. Convinced that Marco Rubio was also implicitly denigrating the size of a more private body part, Trump vigorously defended his virility during the March 2016 Presidential debate.

Credit Trump for having broken through the good-taste barrier to reveal a most unpleasant truth about one gender's psyche: The unleashed male ego is inherently suicidal, and in the age of nuclear weapons this portends the likelihood of total human extinction.

Any fan of filmmaker Stanley Kubrick's 1964 masterpiece Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb already knew that. But Kubrick's brilliant warning of a nuclear Armageddon was dismissed by the U.S. Establishment, which insisted that no American President would ever be crazy enough to push the nuke button. Even after Trump's inane Kim Jong-un outburst, the mainstream media did its best to ignore a truly haunting reality: Our current President, and every President who came after Harry Truman (who committed his acts of nuclear genocide on the civilians of Hiroshima and Nagasaki), have all had the power to unleash America's entire nuclear arsenal on short notice.

On how short a notice is our great leader expected to make a decision of civilizationending consequence? Say, in the middle of the night,12 minutes after rubbing sleep out of his eyes. This is laid out brilliantly in the recent book *The Doomsday Machine: Confessions of a Nuclear War Planner* by whistleblower Daniel Ellsberg, an assistant to the Secretary of Defense during John F. Kennedy's Presidency.

An Associated Press reporter tried to reassure readers that Trump "doesn't actually have a physical button." What is at his disposal is the nuclear "football." Carried by a military officer wherever the President goes, it is actually a 45-pound briefcase containing launch instructions, a list of locations that can be targeted by the U.S. arsenal, and communications equipment. To authorize an attack, the President must first verify his identity with the Pentagon, using a code recorded on a card nicknamed "the biscuit."

Read Ellsberg's book if you want to know how dangerously close even a rational President like Kennedy came to punching that launch code. More perilous yet was a paranoid Richard Nixon contemplating the immediate end of us all. But it was only after Nixon's pill-popping and excessive drinking were documented that the media and general public began to focus on the nuttiness-in-high-places threat of nuclear annihilation.

As Nixon told his chief of staff, H.R. "Bob" Haldeman, "I call it the Madman Theory, Bob. I want the North Vietnamese to believe I've reached the point where I might do anything to stop the war. We'll just slip the word to them, 'For God's sake, you know Nixon is obsessed about communism. We can't restrain him when he's angry—and he has his hand on the nuclear button."

Nixon, in October 1969, had his staff put out the word that "the madman was loose" and ordered B-52 bombers armed with thermonuclear weapons to fly near the Soviet Union's border for three days. Fortunately the Soviets didn't overreact.

Even though the Soviet Union is long gone, the Russian and U.S. nuclear arsenals are more powerful than ever and still on hair-trigger alert. Although no one in the world doubts that President Trump, even sober, is a madman capable of blowing us all to smithereens, his North Korean counterpart is really bad news. Kim Jong-un, with a limited nuke arsenal that experts deem capable of wiping out major American cities, likely would not be as restrained as the Soviets were back in 1969. Maybe our madman has met his match in the small hands/small brains department.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of TruthDig.com. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.



"If these were bigger, I could grab so much more pussy!"



DID TRUMP REALLY WIN?

CONCERNED CITIZENS IN WISCONSIN FOUND EVIDENCE OF A MAJOR MISCOUNT.

onald Trump lost the nationwide count by nearly 3 million popular votes in the 2016 Presidential election. Nobody disputes that part of the puzzle...except for Trump. With no evidence, has claimed that anywhere from 3 million to 5 million fraudulent ballots were cast by noncitizens and Democrats.

But we don't elect Presidents by popular vote in our country. We use the antiquated Electoral College. By that state-by-state system, Trump defeated Hillary Clinton. Most notably he managed to barely flip the popular votes in Wisconsin, Michigan and Pennsylvania, none of which had gone Republican in decades. But did Trump really flip them?

Had an average of just three votes been recorded for Clinton instead of Trump in each precinct in those three states, she would have become our 45th President. With a contest that close, it seems we ought to be able to know for certain that Trump won, especially since the same type of computer systems that reported him as the winner will be used again in the upcoming midterm elections. The entire U.S. House of Representatives and about one-third of the Senate will be up for grabs.

Soon after the 2016 election, Green Party Presidential candidate Jill Stein tried to find out if Trump actually won when she filed for a hand "recount" in Wisconsin, Michigan and Pennsylvania. Team Trump, however, went to court to block her efforts in all three. The closest Stein came to receiving a full statewide "recount" was in Wisconsin, where Trump reportedly nipped Clinton by just over 20,000 votes out of nearly 3 million cast.

A provision recently adopted by the Badger State's Republican legislature allows local jurisdictions to decide if "recounts" are done by hand (publicly examining each paper ballot) or by machine (running them through the same computers that scanned them the first time.)

During the Stein count about half of Wisconsin—mostly areas with the largest number of Democratic voters—retallied ballots using computers. But without a hand-examination of each ballot, it's impossible to know if the scanners got it right in either the initial or secondary tally.

Some precincts that retallied by hand discovered a huge number of valid Presidential votes had not been recorded by the optical-scan computers used widely in Wisconsin. Aging Optech Eagle machines were tallying votes in as many as 57 municipalities in November 2016. In September 2017 the voting machines were decertified by the Wisconsin Elections Commission because those "machines can only read carbon-based marks on a ballot, meaning absentee voters must use pencil or

a special type of pen." If the wrong implement was used, the Optech computer would ignore the vote.

Longtime Wisconsin election-integrity advocate Karen McKim told me, "In the city of Marinette they have three Optech Eagles counting votes. One of them missed 9.6% of the votes, the second machine missed 30.1% of the votes, and the third machine missed 30.1% of the votes."

The Marinette miscounts discovered during the hand "recount" helped lower Trump's margin of victory by about 5,000 votes overall. With that in mind, McKim organized a multi-partisan group of concerned citizens to file a public-records request in Racine County precincts where "recount" observers noticed similarly large numbers of ballots with visible Presidential votes being ignored by the Optech Eagles. Election officials dismissed their objections. The only recourse was a public-records request.

"Open records requests in Wisconsin are good in some ways, but not good in cost," McKim explained. "The county clerk can charge us for the 'honor' of looking at our ballots."

In November 2017, after her group scraped up the money to pay for that "honor," it was allowed to review some of the machine-tallied ballots. The findings were disturbing: Anywhere from 2% to 6% of valid Presidential votes had never been counted in the handful of precincts they examined—in a state that Trump reportedly carried by just under 1%.

"Of the six precincts we counted." McKim said.

"the voting machines missed 2.5% of the valid Presidential votes on both Election Day and in the recount." Those ballots "were ignored by the voting system entirely. And that's what made the miscount—or should have made the miscount—obvious to election officials even before they certified."

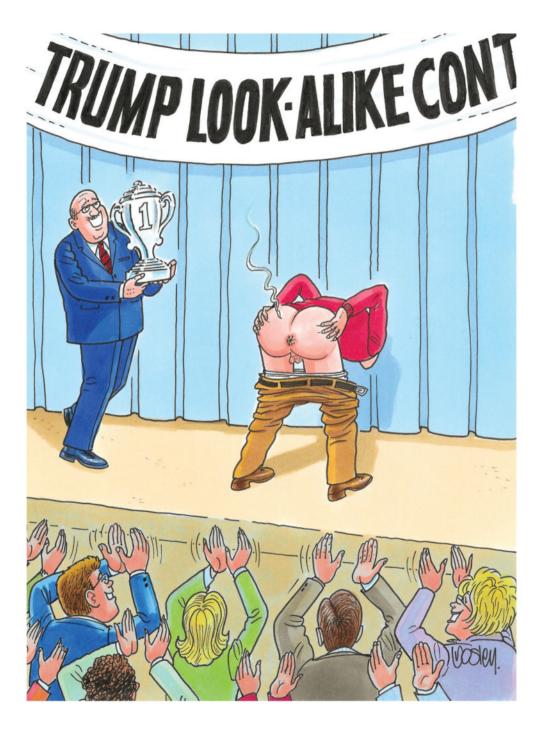
So did Trump really win in Wisconsin? McKim's response was also disturbing: "We don't know.... There is not a county in the state of Wisconsin where the election officials check accuracy of the vote totals. They all just certify by looking at the computer tape and saying, 'Oh, look who won.'"

McKim, a retired quality-assurance manager, added, "The thing that upsets me is not that the computers miscounted.... Every other manager that uses computers, from your grocery store to the bank to the city treasurers, they all know that their computers are going to miscount from time to time. So they have routine procedures in place to check and correct before it's too late. Election administrators are the only computer-dependent managers we allow to get away with not checking the computer output for accuracy. It's insane.... It is just absolutely unacceptable that any computer, new or old, election or outside elections, would be trusted with a decision as consequential as who will govern us without checking accuracy."

No worries. Wisconsin has instructed all towns to replace their Optech Eagle systems—but only after the November 2018 midterms.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated BradCast, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of The Brad Blog (BradBlog.com).





ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

s if one Donald Trump is not enough to trouble the world, we also have to suffer his eldest spawn. Don Junior's got Senior's back, ready to whack anybody critical of our constinated

Dufus in Chief with his own obnoxious Twitterstorms. And he very likely helped shoehorn Daddy into office by dirty-dealing with the Russians.

In 2016 Junior held a secret meeting in Trump Tower with brother-in-law Jared Kushner, Paul Manafort (indicted in Robert Mueller's investigation) and Russian lawyer Natalia Veselnitskaya, among others. We only found out about this suspicious meeting when Jared suddenly remembered to disclose it on his revised security clearance form, after conveniently forgetting it the first time. The cover story will make your heart melt: They were just meeting to discuss adoption of needy Russian children by Americans! But then Junior blurted the real reason in a tweet: They were more interested in dirt on Hillary than Russian orphans.

This shitstorm should definitely lead to public hearings, with even Steve Bannon calling the meeting "treasonous" and "unpatriotic." Bannon added that investigators were "going to crack Don Jr. like an egg on national TV." Democrats led by Dianne Feinstein promised to get Don Jr. to testify in public "come hell or high water," but Republican lawmakers have blocked numerous attempts to shine a light on the rats scampering in this sewer.

Donny Jr. and brother Eric have been referred to as "Uday and Qusay," after the notorious sons of Saddam Hussein. Others have nicknamed Don Jr. "Fredo," after the loser fuckup son of godfather Don Vito Corleone. It's not a real stretch: After attending hoity-toity private schools, the silver-spoon-licker skated into the lvy League University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. There, former classmate Scott Melker recalls that Donny was nicknamed "Diaper Don" for "his tendency to fall asleep drunk in other people's beds and urinate." According to New York magazine, Junior gained a reputation for getting into "drunken, 'Do you have any idea who I am?' fights."

After graduating, the belligerent bed wetter was arrested for public intoxication at Mardi Gras in New Orleans and spent 11 hours in jail. Eventually he returned to New York to join the family business and sobered up some—but not before an incident at a club in Greenwich Village, where he got "loud and obnoxious," laughed too wildly at racist jokes and spilled beer all over a woman at the next table. Her two male companions hurled beer mugs at Donny, opening up a nasty cut that required 28 stitches. It was time to grow up! With no significant experience beyond wetting bedsheets and bleeding in bar fights, what could poor Fredo do? Get busy working for Daddy Trump, of course. He wasn't named Junior for nothing.

Since the inauguration, Donny and brother Eric have been entrusted with managing the Trump Organ-



ization during Senior's reality-TV Presidency. Asked how often he's discussed business with Dad since the inauguration, Junior said, "I haven't spoken to him. Maybe just to say hello. It feels trite. I feel ridiculous bothering him." Thanks for the guffaw, Donny—no way in hell will the great Dealer in Chief allow his own bungling Fredo to goof up the Trump Empire. And if Big Daddy's not talking to you, with Mueller breathing down your neck, he must be using invisible ink, microdots or dead drops.

Maybe they're communicating by voodoo through the bobblehead Trump doll Junior keeps on his desk. It must be inspirational, because Junior is faithfully following in Daddy's footsteps when it comes to fraud, bankruptcy and rip-offs. In 2011 a company that Donny comanaged, Titan Atlas Manufacturing, started sinking after South Carolina and the Feds filed massive tax liens for unpaid sales and withholding taxes, forcing the business to cease operations. To salvage something, Donny leased the abandoned Titan buildings to Saint-Gobain, an industrial textile company that stored building materials. When the roof started leaking, Donny and partners refused to fix it. Eventually 22 leaks sprung during a rainstorm, causing \$4.5 million in damage to their inventory. Saint-Gobain sued for relief, but the Trumps fought it, of course. The case is still pending. Tough luck, guys-you're dealing with the Trump cosa nostra here. In 2014 a huge Deutsche Bank loan came due for shuttered Titan Atlas. Daddy came to the rescue, buying the whole loan. Then, during the middle of his 2016 campaign, Trump took Titan to court for nonpayment of the loan. He actually sued his own son!

Junior's role model seems to be George W., another pampered, undeserving, drunken business failure riding through life on Daddy's coatails. Incredibly, Dubya actually, made it to the White House, and

actually made it to the White House, and Donny Jr. may be nurturing similar dreams. Jared and Ivanka reportedly made a deal that if they were to run for President someday,

Ivanka would be first in line.

We guess they didn't consult
Donny, who's already giving political speeches for \$50,000 a pop
and briefly raised his flagt for governorship of New York. It's the ultimate dystopian nightmare:
Not only does Trump get reelected, but he starts a dynasty! (Our
apologies to readers who may
have just crapped their pants.)

It's very unlikely, but stranger things

have happened...like, say, a puckered-

lip orangutan cavorting in the Oval Office.

If Junior were to run, God forbid, we have a clue about how he'd gov-

ern. Last Halloween he sent out a tweet with a photo of his young daughter Chloe looking sadly over a half-empty trick-or-treat basket, with the caption: "I'm going to take half of Chloe's candy tonight & give it to some kid who sat at home. It's never too early to teach her about socialism." What a dad! Never mind that Halloween could be construed as a socialist holiday with all those free handouts. A better lesson would be Donny buying a whole candy store chain, defrauding the former owners, then filling up Chloe's bedroom with the whole stock of sweets. Look what you earn just by being a Trump, Chloe! You're not just a kid. babe: you're a brand!

With the spotlight on him now, Junior has been unable to tame his inherited Asshole genes. He regularly retweets white nationalists and once confused black female Democrats Frederica Wilson and Maxine Waters, saying that the latter's funny hats made her look like a stripper. Wilson is actually the woman known to wear hats, but apparently it's hard for Junior to tell black people apart. Then he compared the desperate Syrian refugees created by our bloody foreign policy to a handful of poisonous Skittles. And who can forget that photo of him holding a bloody, severed elephant tail as a trophy from one of his African big-game hunts? Here we are in a mass extinction of animals on Earth, caused by human activity, and Junior can think of nothing better to do than murder an elephant.

He excused it by saying hunting is really about the camaraderie around the campfire. "Too much of hunting has turned into the notion of the kill," he said. "The least interesting part is the three seconds it takes to pull the trigger." Okay, then why not just go on a camping trip if that's what it's all about? Or shoot an animal that's not a few corpses away from being on the endangered species list? Because, exactly like Big Daddy, Junior is a spoiled, insensitive, selfish brat Asshole. Please spare us, Fredo, and take that fishing trip on the lake soon!



ANAL IS ON THE MENU

What a magical time to be into butt stuff! If you're a guy who loves anal sex, then you'll be heartened to know that more women than ever are taking it up the ass on a regular basis.

A new survey by Bespoke Surgical reveals that one in four straight women enjoy anal sex on a regular basis. And before you ask, no, "regular basis" is not "as often as I can get it." We're talking a few times a month, give or take.

In other words, 25% of straight women love a cock up the pooper on the average of once a week. Not bad, right? Granted, this is not an overwhelming majority, but it's definitely way more than expected—especially when you consider how previous research suggested that only 37% of women had ever even tried anal sex (booooo!).

Some other interesting takeaways: Of the 300 women surveyed, "57% of those who had anal sex never used a condom for butt stuff" (*Metro*, U.K.). And the majority expressed a concern for cleanliness, specifically the unwelcome prospect of poop on their partner's penis. Which brings to mind Kevin Smith's *Zack and Miri Make a Porno* (2008)—never has mainstream film depicted a scatological disaster with such veracity and humility.

TURNING TRICKS

Trends in film may come and go, but hookers are forever. Some miss the mark (Heather Graham, *The Hangover*), while others are pure exploitation (*Angel*, 1984), but recent offerings have injected new life and dimension to this off-misrepresented archetype.

Just look at Maggie Gyllenhaal's Golden Globe-nominated performance as Candy, the dead-on-the-inside prostitute from HBO's The Deuce: a complex character not to be pitied, but rather admired for her ability to persevere in the direst of circumstances (James Franco notwithstanding).

But not all fictional ladies of the night measure up. The following is an unbiased ranking, from worst to best, of big- and small-screen hookers both then and now:

- 5. Julia Roberts, Pretty Woman. A box-office titan that cemented Julia Roberts as an A-list powerhouse. But in the 30 years since its release, the whole hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold persona has not aged so well.
 4. Nicole Kidman, Moulin Rouge!. It's difficult to say which is worse: the incessant singing and dancing or that this comely porcelain doll of a woman is miraculously not yet blind and insane from syphilis.
- 3. Jennifer Love Hewitt, The Client List. She earned a Golden Globe nod for her role in a Lifetime movie turned short-lived TV series. As a massage therapist turned prostitute, JLH is fairly believable. After all, who wouldn't pay for a chance to play with those sweater kittens?
- 2. Rebecca De Mornay, *Risky Business*. This is a big one for anyone who went through puberty in the '80s. De Mornay nails the icy blond escort vibe to a tee, seducing a young Tom Cruise, who then has to deal with her less-than-congenial pimp, played by the always onpoint Joe Pantoliano (*The Sopranos*).
- 1. Taryn Manning, Hustle & Flow. A Memphis pimp makes good on

his dream to become a successful rapper, but he never could have pulled it off without his best bitch, Nola. Tough yet vulnerable, Manning's performance deserves more recognition—if only for those crazy hair extensions. So hot!



'Darkness is good. Dick Cheney. Darth Vader. Satan. That's power." —STEVE BANNON, BLOWHARD

THE REAL FAKE NEWS BANNON: INSANE IN THE MEMBRANE

SILICON VALLEY, CA—A more-disheveled-than-usual Steve Bannon, former top aide to President Trump, was seen yesterday pacing furiously by a Taco Bell dumpster, which he bitterly referred to as Trashvanka 2.0. At 12 feet away, onlookers reported the strong stench of stale sweat and burrito grease.

"Look at all these wondrous shirts!" he howled, pawing feverishly at his well-insulated torso. "These are button-down gold! Sell blockchain, cell block, chain mail, armor in the mail, never fail, to the moon, baby!"

The alt-right strategist took up residency in the dumpster after

a series of very public defeats. "The Roy Moore loss in Alabama, Michael Wolff's bombshells in *Fire and Fury*, the falling out with Trump and the Mercers and, finally, his ouster from Breitbart," said Breitbart contributor and longtime Bannon friend Lilly Eichmann. "It's all taken a tremendous toll on him. He's—somehow—even less coherent than normal."

"My man! My man!" Bannon beckoned to anyone walking past, including raccoons, rats and other dumpster vermin. "You want a Sloppy Steve? Only five Shirtcoins! You won't get that deal from them hos 'round the wav!"

"A Sloppy Steve is this disgusting sex move he invented," explained Eichmann. "It involves rubbing his red unshaven face—which he claims 'has the sexy texture and magical powers of a decorative gourd'—on a dead cat he named Robert Meowlier and then.... He's still very wealthy from the Seinfeld syndication deal. I don't know

why he's doing this. He's gone from wearing four or five shirts to 50 at a time. He fell over on his back last week, and he couldn't get up."

"That's why they call me the wily dumpster turtle!" Bannon interjected from within the dumpster. "Jumping hurdles, catching Squirtles, Pokémon, pork loin! Dump everything and buy up Shirtcoin!"

DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SE-RIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO FOX & FRIENDS.







ON BENDED KNEES

Wedding photos: Is there anything worse? The forced romance, the manufactured moments...pass the gun. If only this worn-out medium had something less tired and predictable to offer, something to offset the mundane treacle of sunsets and longing glances.

Dutch photographer Michael Klooster didn't exactly invent the wedding blowjob, though he certainly helped make it a thing, and for that we should all be eternally grateful.

Here's a primer on the medium, courtesy of *Broadly*: "Blowjob photos typically depict brides simulating fellatio on their grooms, from a parked classic car or perhaps behind a country hedgerow." You get the drift.

They first came to prominence when one of Klooster's shoots went viral. The photos, of a bride kneeling before her man against a bucolic backdrop, got picked up by *BuzzFeed* and the rest is (oral) history. Klooster insists he only shoots simulated blowjobs, as he would never stoop to "porn-related photography" (*ouch!*).

Still, simulated or not, it was enough to get one U.K. couple into hot water—let's just say maybe steer clear of sacred locations, i.e., churches in Greece. As for that Dutch couple depicted in the original viral sensation, take a wild guess whose idea it was to pose like that in the first place. According to Allure, it was none other than the bride's mom. A man can only dream of marrying into such a chill family.





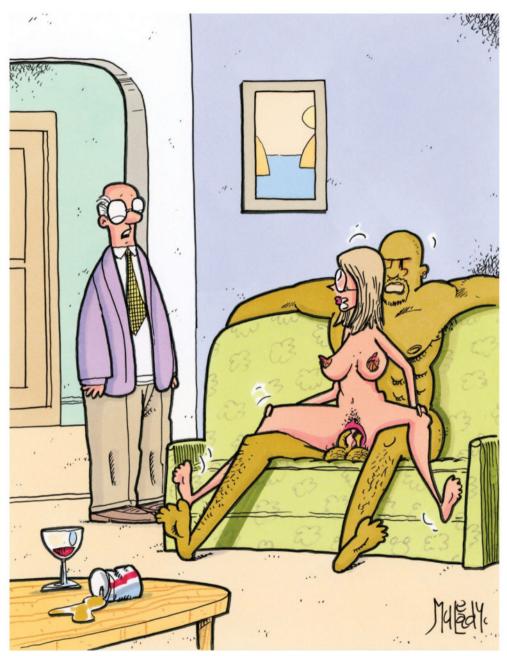
WATERBEDS TURN 50

That's right, swingers—the waterbed has been around for five whole decades, and according to its inventor, Charlie Hall, the time is nigh for a comeback. "My theory is, there's a whole generation that was spawned on a waterbed...they're going to swim upstream like salmon and buy another one" (*The Canadian Press*).

As Hall prepares to launch a new waterbed for the next generation—a heated, waveless design that aims to compete with today's memory foam technologies—he is also highly cognizant of his original creation's vault to success via its perception as a counterculture fuck fantasy once dubbed, without irony, "the pleasure pit."

This reputation or notoriety was reflected in the names of manufacturers and distributors at the time: Wet Dream, Joyapeutic Aqua Beds and Aquarius Products all leveraged the free love movement to help move units. Conversely, the sworn enemy of waterbed men like Hall were manufacturers of spring beds, which they called "dead beds," the "worst thing in the world."

Once a \$2-billion industry, the waterbed is now at best a footnote to the sexual revolution. And while waterbeds are no longer
de rigueur anymore, they are definitely still for sale. Amazon sells
the InnoMax Genesis 400 Gentle Wave King Waterbed Mattress
for about \$100. It features "wave reduction," a "weightless feel,"
and boasts a 20-year warranty—but does it come in leopardand or zebra-print patterns?



"I think we should call it quits, Dora. We don't talk, eat or spend time together anymore. Not to mention the 'fucking the big-dicked nigger on the couch' thing."



































WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND

Statistics relating to the environmental toll of both burial and cremation are staggering. Cemeteries take up approximately 1 million acres of land in the U.S., but it's not just the space that is becoming an issue: it's what is going into the ground itself.

Over 800,000 gallons of formaldehyde end up in our soil annually. as well as 115 million tons of casket steel-that's enough to build over 2,000 Empire State Buildings! Add to the mix a further 2.3 billion tons of concrete, used for burial vaults, and the tangible effect on the ecosystem becomes clear.

Most shocking of all is the fact that 4 million acres of forest-an area the size of New Jersey-are required to make the casket material (predominantly tropical/precious wood) for all of the coffins used in the United States. That's for just one year of traditional burials.

Is cremation a more ecological solution? Not really. North America uses enough fossil fuel for cremation every year to power a vehicle halfway to the sun. According to The Guardian, "A cremator needs to operate at 760 degrees to 1.150 degrees Celsius for 75 minutes per cremation," using "about 285 kilowatt hours of gas and 15 kilowatt hours of electricity-roughly the same domestic energy demands as a single person for an entire month."

Air pollution is often attributed to industry and transport, but burning bodies are also a factor. The nonprofit organization Funeral Consumers Alliance estimates that a standard cremation of one body releases ap-

proximately 540 pounds of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Mercury emitted from teeth fillings during cremation is also regularly released into the environment, where it can become harmful to the brain, kidneys, nervous system and unborn children. A program in the U.K. has been introduced that aims to use cremation to power sustainable energy, but it's in its infancy and does not address the emissions caused by the smoldering cadavers.

Clearly new options are needed. Introducing some of the coolest, creepiest and craziest.

ETERNAL REEFS

Sea burials are popular, but there is a lot to organize, and EPA guide-

lines are stringent. If you want to bury (noncremated) human remains at sea, it needs to take place at least three nautical miles from land and in water at least 600 feet deep. (Certain areas, including the Dry Tortugas, Florida, east central Florida, and west of Pensacola, Florida, to the Mississippi River Delta, require water at least 1,800 feet deep.) Corpses don't generally last long in water, but recently an eco-friendly company has emerged that aims to combine water burial with an enduring environmental project.

Coral is in decline, with even Australia's Great Barrier Reef in seri-

ous danger. So one innovative company has come up with a potential solution. Eternal Reefs creates Reef Balls. These concrete domes provide a solid and sustainable platform upon which coral can grow and have a positive impact on

The reefs are made from environmentally safe cast concrete that is used to create new habitats for fish and other forms of sea life. "Eternal Reefs takes the cremated remains or 'cremains' of an individual and incorporates them into an environmentally-safe cement mixture designed to create artificial reef formations. The Eternal Reefs are then placed in the permitted ocean location selected by the individual, friend or family member." Customization of the reefs is an option that allows for family members to add their handprints or personal messages to the concrete. meaning that their mark will be left on the ocean floor as a testament to their loved one.

marine life

While a Reef Ball may not be the cheapest option for many people, it is certainly one of the most permanent. Packages start at just under \$3,000 and climb to \$7,495 for the Mariner Eternal Reef; a four-foothigh by five-foot-wide, 4,000-pound memorial that attracts larger sea life and is cited as being suitable for "up to four sets of remains" (basically a family aquarium).

BODY FARMS

If you're not one for the sentiment of a Reef Ball, you might choose an option completely devoid of sentiment for your final resting place, namely a body farm. There are currently seven in the U.S. It's a macabre, yet scientifically significant alternative where donated >>

MOST SHOCKING OF ALL IS THE FACT THAT 4 MILLION ACRES OF FOREST-AN AREA THE SIZE OF NEW JERSEY-ARE REQUIRED TO MAKE THE CASKET MATERIAL FOR ALL OF THE COFFINS USED IN THE UNITED STATES. THAT'S FOR JUST ONE YEAR OF TRADITIONAL BURIALS.





corpses are left out to the elements so that observations and studies can be made of the bodies as they decompose. The benefits range from a better scientific understanding to the training and evolution of police investigation techniques. Definitely not a place where teenagers want to sneak around at night though; that's how horror movies start.

A process called resomation, which is the liquefaction of the body, is also rising in prominence. Known as "biocremation," this method uses "heated water and potassium hydroxide to liquefy the body, leaving only bones behind. The bones are then pulverized, much as in regular cremation, and the bone fragments are returned to the family." This is also one of the most cost-effective procedures we unearthed, priced somewhere in the region of \$650.

REACH FOR THE STARS

Fans of gonzo writer and professional madman Hunter S. Thompson may want to emulate his final farewell, in which Johnny Depp blasted his ashes into the sky in a rocket. Most of us lack the \$3 million that process reportedly cost Depp, but the good news is there are other options for those who want to join the stars.

In October 2017 a British company launched the very first extraterrestrial funerals. Ascension Flights claim that they can take human remains (in the form of ashes) to the edge of Earth's atmosphere, where they are then released into the "high-altitude winds of the stratosphere."

Given the technology and effort required, this option remains surprisingly affordable, with initial packages starting at approximately \$1,100 for a "Simple Scattering" to \$3,800 for a "Personal Ceremony" that includes video footage of the ashes being released at approximately 115,000 feet. Ascension Flights will also create "a short film to commemorate the life of the deceased, using your footage and photos in addition to imagery from the launch."

LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

Not limited to the pages of Stephen King novels, some things do come back from the dead. Vinyl's return has been one phenomenal example. Brick-and-mortar record stores have crawled out of the grave in recent years, thanks to their status as the hipster's physical format of choice. And while man-buns, beards and lumberjack shirts may be fading out of style, vinyl is definitely here to stay. Colored splatter and picture discs are huge collector's items, with one company called Waxwork even releasing a *Friday the 13th* vinyl that came with sloshing swirls of blood as part of the pressing.

It was only a matter of time until someone came up with the idea of embedding human remains into a recording. Andvinyly hit headlines recently when their product went viral. They utilize cremated ashes, which are ingrained into vinyl records as part of the molding process. This creates a limited-edition run of 30 LPs that have a running time of 24 minutes (12 minutes each side). The record can contain a prerecorded message or a chosen song. Each disc is printed with basic artwork, as well as personal details, and the whole process costs around \$3.500.

If records aren't your bag, then it's also possible to get transformed into a diamond, which symbolically makes sense, because diamonds are forever after all. LifeGem will take earthly remains and manufacture a "certified, high-quality diamond created from the ashes of your loved one as a memorial to their unique and wonderful life." This will set you

back anywhere from \$2,000 to \$20,000, but presents a range of longlasting possibilities. In fact, it could ensure that you physically remain part of the family for generations after your passing (provided they don't pawn you off).

BACK TO NATURE

As Tom Waits once sang, "We're all gonna be just dirt in the ground," and regardless of the elaborate and entertaining postmortem practices we've examined, a lot of people will want a traditional burial for the closure and permanence it can bring.

The Green Burial movement is gaining momentum, and new options avoid the devastating natural impact highlighted at the beginning of this article. Today's alternatives allow us to become one with the earth again without damaging it.

A New York-based company called Coeio, in association with artist and cofounder Jae Rhim Lee, have created the Infinity Burial Suit. Costing \$1,500, this shroud-like garment encourages the growth of flesheating mushrooms that naturally and safely assist in decomposition and reduce the toxic waste produced in the process.

The Living Urn aims to combine the funeral industry with reforestation. They have created a Bio Urn and Planting System that uses a person's cremated ashes as compost to fertilize and grow a sapling. The Living Urn provides an ash-neutralizing agent that, when used in conjunction with the human remains, stimulates growth and simulates regeneration. It's a pleasant concept with an emphasis on back to nature. The Living Urn offers services for both pets and humans, which start at an incredibly manageable \$119 and \$129 respectively, plus the cost of the chosen sapling.

Then there's the Bios Urn, a similar, gadget-focused version. This choice allows you grow a plant or tree from scratch in a fully bio-degradable receptacle. It comes with sensors and an app that permits the user to monitor the needs and progress of the plant.

As with The Living Urn, Bios Urn's initial costs could be adapted to suit almost anyone's budget, with the standalone urn costing just \$145. This jumps a little when the technology is added to total \$595 with the Bios Incube or \$695 with the Incube+, which "lets you plant your Bios Urn in your home to bring you a personal experience that honors your loved ones."

In her book Be a Tree, the Natural Burial Guide for Turning Yourself into a Forest, C.A. Beal of the Natural Burial Company wrote of the many ways a natural burial can be organized. She speaks of burial grounds worldwide where biodegradable containers are used so that the dead can "return to the earth to compost into soil nutrients, with a forest of trees marking the spot"—without formaldehyde-based embalming fluid or damaging synthetic ingredients.

Additionally, an internal push from people within the death industry is growing stronger. Caitlin Doughty, author and host of the popular web series Ask a Mortician, regularly highlights the benefits of natural burial as part of her death-positive awareness campaign.

CONCLUSION

It's said that it only takes two to three generations for most individuals to be forgotten. So it's not surprising that people want to leave some permanent mark on this world. But the strongest lesson we've learned from addressing what will happen after we pass is a direct appreciation of the life we do have. Dying is an important aspect of living. And since we cannot escape death, we may as well embrace it.





















BROOKE CANDY

CA

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"SO KEEP ON PUSHING YOUR POSITION,
AND MAKE 'EM SWALLOW UP YOUR VISION,
ANOTHER ORGANIZED RELIGION,
DUMB DE DUMB DUMB
THEY ALL FALL DOWN."

--"WAR"

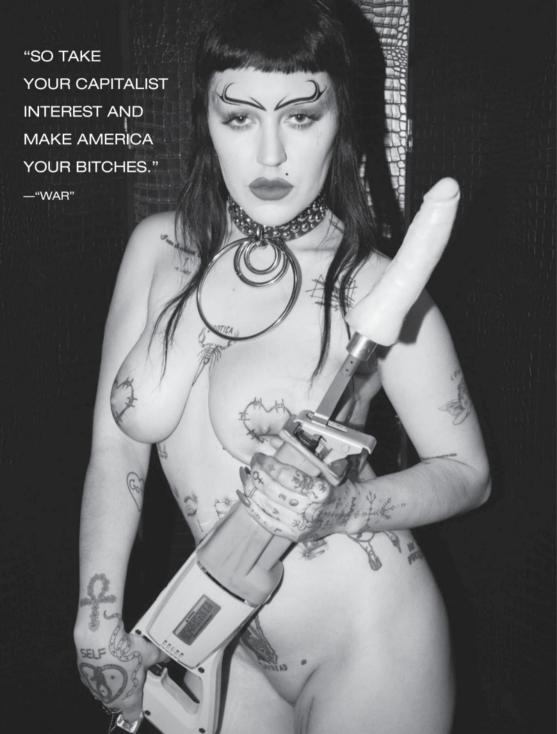




orking with Todd was so amazing. He's a close friend and such a lovely and talented human being. I felt super comfortable and confident shooting in the sex dungeon. I guess the shoot was partly inspired by Wendy O. William's sex work, Madonna's Sex book, an old cum-shot torture image I keep on my phone to reference...and Araki.:)"

Out this April: Brooke Candy's brand-new EP Who Cares. Download...stream...listen! And follow the awesome Brooke on Twitter and Instagram @BrookeCandy.













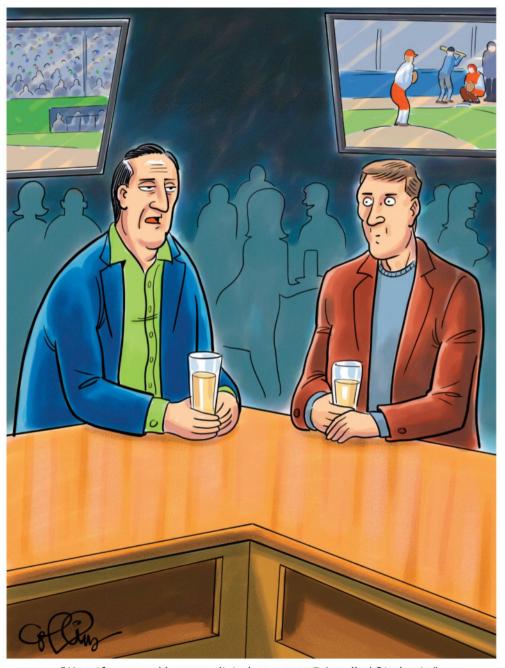












"My wife started her own digital currency. It's called Bitchcoin."











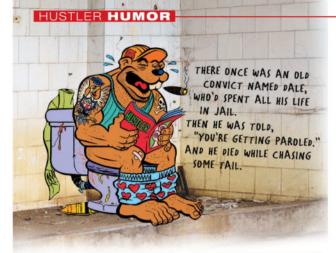












Goldie was sitting on a beach in Florida. Being a friendly young lady, she attempted to strike up a conversation with the handsome gentleman reading a book on the towel next to hers. "Hello, sir," Goldie said. "Do you like movies?"

"Yes, I do," the gent responded, giving Goldie a quick peek before returning to his book.

Goldie persisted. "Do you like gardening?" she asked.

The man looked over and politely replied, "Yes, I do," then resumed reading. Undaunted, Goldie asked, "Do you like pussycats?"

With that, the man dropped his book and pounced on Goldie, ravishing her as she'd never been ravished before. An hour later, as the couple wallowed in the afterglow, Goldie dragged herself into a sitting position and panted, "How did you know that I wanted to fuck?"

Her lover thought for a minute or two and grunted, "How did you know my name was Katz?"

Late one night a clergyman approached a streetwalker and asked, "What would your mother say if she saw you here doing this?"

"She'd kill me!" the hooker exclaimed. "I'm on her corner!"

A husband and wife were trying to create a password for their new computer. The husband typed "my penis," and the wife fell to the floor laughing. The message on the screen read, "Error. Not long enough."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines mixed emotions as: having your teenage daughter win first prize in a sword-swallowing contest.

A conventioneer named Alan was in Chicago, where he met Sally in the hotel bar and invited her up to his room. After a few drinks the adorable twentysomething sat in his lap and whispered, "Would you like me to hug you?"

"Sure," Alan replied, pulling her closer.

"And would you like me to kiss you?"

Sally purred.

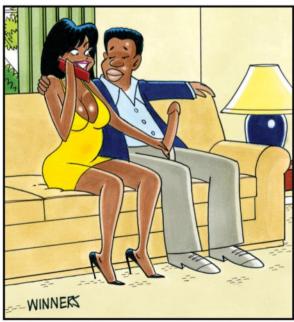
"Absolutely," Alan gasped excitedly,

"Absolutely," Alan gasped excitedly, whereupon the hottie planted a long kiss on his lips.

As soon as they stopped smooching, Sally cooed, "Okay, honey, brace yourself, because here comes the \$500 question."

and his girlfriend were having sex one night when she looked at him and demanded, "Make love to me like in the movies." So Joe fucked her in the ass, pulled out and came all over her face and hair. The poor guy hasn't seen the girl ever since. Guess they don't watch the same movies.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, who to send it our way? Submit your withy stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"I thought you ought to know, Eddie...Dan is here and has just made me a firm offer!"



"Mom, look—I'm a unicorn!"





JENNY Jaffe: Neurotica

JENNY JAFFE IS IN CONTROL. AT THE AGE OF 28, THE FIERY-MANED COMEDIAN HAS WRITTEN, STARRED IN AND DIRECTED HER OWN SHOW, NEUROTICA, ON IFC. IN UNIVERSITY SHE WAS RECRUITED AS A WRITER FOR COLLEGEHUMOR.COM AND HAS SINCE MADE THE WORLD OF COMEDY HER HUMBLE SERVANT. MS. JAFFE CRACKED THE WHIP WITH HUSTLER TO SCHOOL US ON MAD RESPECT FOR THE DOMINATRIX LIFE, A PROPOSED HAIR DIET AMONG CANNIBALS AND HER TOTAL ADMIRATION FOR THE INK QUALITY IN NUDIE PENS.

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORRIS SMITH

USTLER: Where did you get the idea for Neurotica?

JENNY JAFFE: It was a real title first situation! I was excited about creating this comedy character who had OCD, because I have OCD. I also wanted to create a character who showed how OCD feels to me. A lot of the time it gets portrayed as this sort of mental illness and is handled with real gravity, very much like, "We need to talk about this seriously." And there's a time and place for that, but lvy, my character on the show, has been struggling with OCD for years. So to her it's a recurrence because of stress. It was interesting for me to create a story about a character who had already been dealing with this for a while, knows this as a challenge and more or less

knows how to handle it—and then has this entire other life. She's very in control, obviously, with her career, and then when it comes to her own head, she feels a little out of control.

The concept is completely unique.

If there's another show like it, I've yet to come across it. I brought the project to IFC, and I got really lucky. They were excited about it right away. I mean, it's a good elevator pitch. You walk in and say, "What if I play a dominatrix with OCD?" I was fortunate they were the exact kind of people who wanted to go for it. Getting people to watch *Neurotica* has been easier than most projects, because folks are scratching



their heads like, "I just don't know what that would look like. Okay."

Did your parents freak out at all?

When I first told them about the idea, they were not super thrilled—for, I think, understandable reasons. But I kept reassuring them, and later they came to see that it's a really sweet show. More than anything, it's this endearing kind of romcom world. Once they finally saw it, they were put at ease.

I think they also trust me and know that with *Neurotica*, sprinkling in kinky stuff with a light touch was important to me. The story I want to tell is about this specific character and this accepting, weird little

town. When you've got characters in leather corsets, it doesn't take a lot for that to tip over into something that's salacious, so I wanted to be mindful in terms of balance.

In preparing for the role of Ivy, did you shadow any real dommes? I did talk to a few. Just as it was important for me not to portray OCD in a stereotypical way, I did not want to portray that field in a one-dimensional way. I needed to genuinely find out what their relationships with their clients were like. The more interesting choice to make in comedy is always to treat your characters with a lot of affection and treat them like real people, even when making mistakes. >>



Do you mean mistakes in how you craft the characters or mistakes that the characters themselves make?

The mistakes that the characters are making. Or any of the characters' flaws. Sometimes you'll watch a show that has characters who are objectively bad people that the show has a lot of love for. The Office is a good example. They know what's wrong with their characters, but they treat them with a lot of love. Then there are shows that are a lot more hostile to their characters that are great, like It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia. I think that's a show where you want to feel like the creators are enjoying watching these characters as much as you are. I did punch-up on Neurotica with [costars] Abe Goldfarb and Max Ash. and we only put in material that we ourselves were laughing at. Luckily we had the freedom to do so.

Any crazy stories from the show or from the dommes that you can reveal?

I'm bad at relaying crazy stories because I roll with things so easily. I'm just very gullible and up for any sort of weird thing. That's why I'm not a good standup comedian. I can't objectively see what's strange. I think, "This seems wonderful in a unique way." I have a genuine optimism that can be mistaken for naiveté: it's hard-won optimism that roots out of dealing with my own struggles with anxiety and depression. In order to get through that, you have to decide that everything is odd and funny and we have to stick around to see what happens. I default to liking something, which is rare in comedy.

Like, I can never tell anymore when people actually like something or are being ironic. I have no barometer for cool things anymore. I've pretty much resigned myself to crossword puzzles and planners.

Okay, but were there any particular lessons that you took away from your research with dommes?

I think the biggest takeaway for me was that this is a job. Like a job with job concerns. I think that's sort of a misconception with their work. You're in the room with a client for an hour, but the rest of the time you're booking a space...it's a lot more bureaucratic and like any other industry at some point. That was interesting, to see it from that perspective. I think it's like working in entertainment. If you work in comedy, people see it as, "Oh, you must just be laughing all day," and the reality is that I get to write a bunch of funny stuff, but then I have to worry about following up on the seven emails I just sent and staying on top of the business end of my work.

It's worth noting that I was talking to women who had chosen that profession. It was an empowered vibe. They're incredibly smart and

interesting. They're basically the highest-paid improvisers on the planet. You've got to go in there and live in someone else's fantasy world. That sounds incredibly difficult to do on an hour-to-hour basis.

How much of the OCD issues that Ivy deals with stem from your own experience? Do you, in real life, think that mouths are icky? I definitely did for a very long time. I continue to think so, because if you think objectively about what a mouth is-your face is really this sort of smooth, flat surface, and then suddenly you're looking at a gaping maw with teeth. That's very upsetting. If you think too long about what a human body really is you get a little horrified. Ivy is definitely the person, when walking, who has to only step on the tile or only step on the cracks. I firmly believe that. Why would you do anything else? We also have an episode in which the character is claustrophobic and is having trouble being inside of a dog costume. I am also very claustrophobic

> and was also having trouble in that dog costume.

I will tell you though, I understand furries now, because that was the most comfortable costume I've ever worn. It was enveloping. and nobody could tell what I looked like. Plus, compared to wearing the usual domme outfit in New York winter, it

was a nice change.

So you guys shot this in winter in New York, right? Any plans for next season in terms of location?

Hopefully just not in the winter. In the current episodes there's a scene in which my rival character is wearing something literally made of strings. It was, like, 20 degrees. So we've got to do

this right or run the risk of somebody's appendage coming off.

That's a whole different kind of kink.

"A FAIR AMOUNT OF

ART-HOUSE FILMS ARE

JUST EXCUSES FOR

PEOPLE TO SEE BOOBS

IN A MOVIE THEATER.

BUT FEEL SMART WHILE

THEY DO IT."

Frostbite? I'm sure it is. Into Thin Air cosplay. [Laughs.] It's a book about climbing Everest.

Oh, man. Like a situation where you have to possibly eat the people you're with.

What would you start with? I feel like maybe I would start with hair or something.

Hair? Have you ever smelled burnt hair?

Hair is disgusting, but then I wouldn't feel like I was eating meat. People meat.

But you're not giving anything to your body.

But you can fill your stomach up. I've done some pretty intense diets. I feel like I'd be okay for a minute!

That's fair

Also, I'd bring CLIF Bars.

Wait, I don't think that's part of the people-eating emergency that we're inferring here.

[Laughs.] They never say in those "would you eat people" scenarios whether or not somebody brought CLIF Bars. I think that's important to know. I'm worried that I'm gonna eat a person and a second later somebody shows up with CLIF Bars.

There's an age-old cultural belief that America is behind Europe in terms of depicting sexuality in media. Do you believe *Neurotica* will help break this down?

Oh, possibly. But they'd call it *Neuro-tee-kuh*, and that sounds way more exotic. We still have this weird thing in America where sex is either creepy or very solemn, like *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

You've dealt with the subject of Euro-trash before in a book called Now Playing at the Umlaüt Cinema with Devastator Press, which is a send-up of a programming guide for an indie theater. What's up with "Art Boobs" and "Art Boobs II: Art Butts"?

That's the fictional movie franchise that we created to illustrate that a fair amount of art-house films are just excuses for people to see boobs in a movie theater, but feel smart while they do it. Which is what the first two seasons of *Game of Thrones* were too. I think before people realized it was actually a good show, they were like, "Listen, it's a lot of boring exposition, but these ladies are kissing, so I guess I'll keep watching."

There's a barrage of European movies where you're supposed to be made to feel uncomfortable about this tragedy or an orphan family. And then they'll show a lady getting crazy naked.

Mapleton, the town in which your show takes place, is hilariously down with BDSM. What other extreme industries would this community have in some kind of extended universe?

I'm sure that Mapleton's the kind of place that's got a friendly neighborhood drug king. Which is more or less what Los Angeles has become. Oh, there's that one charming weed café and that other lovely weed café! The mayor tried to embezzle funds, but is charming in his own way.

Most people can count the movie *Pulp Fiction* as the first time they encountered BDSM in their entertainment. When did you first learn about the leather life?

Probably *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, which I think is mandatory for a teenage theater kid who needs a place to go to try on darker eye makeup than what your parents would normally allow.

You went to the midnight screenings?

Oh, sure. I know all the callbacks still. That might be the movie I've seen the most times. I think every comedian, deep down, is either a big theater fan or a big wrestling fan.

Okay, so let's say Ivy, your character from *Neurotica*, is let loose to run things at HUSTLER. What would she do first? Install hand sanitizer dispensers every ten feet?

Oh, yeah, I think so. The second you have a place that has nudity and couches involved, you're gonna wanna cover those couches. I think

there's a firm no-butts-on-furniture rule that makes sense. If I was in charge of the magazine? First of all, that magazine has stickers now. HUSTLER does not have enough stickers. Hear me out. Here's my idea: You've got a picture of a woman, and she's wearing lingerie. You peel off the lingerie—it's a sticker you can put elsewhere—and now you have a naked lady. Everybody wins! You guys want to sell a million copies? Do this as your front cover, and then you don't have to do the black bag thing!

There could be shoes all over, if somebody has a little bit of a foot fetish.

Exactly! You guys could sell a separate sticker book, called the *HUSTLER* Sticker Book. Now, that's some vertical integration right there.

It's like nudie pens. I'm a big office supply nerd, and they're pretty solid to write with. Nobody talks about the ink quality of a nudie pen. I feel like that's really a mistake. If they made thin-point Sharpie nudie pens, that's all I'd write with!



"Ralph, there is no such thing as 'too many sex toys'! End of argument!"



"Happily ever after? Were they on medication?"

HARDGORE SHOWGASE BLAIR WILLIAMS BLAIR WILLIAMS

BARELY LEGAL AMISH GIRLS 2

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: BOBBY MANILA. STARRING: BLAIR WILLIAMS, BROOKE HAZE, CLEO VIXEN, CAROLINA SWEETS, TOMMY GUNN, TOMMY PISTOL, AARON EVANS & ALEC KNIGHT.



More than barns get raised in *Barely Legal Amish Girls 2*, a hard-probing exploration of Pennsylvania

Dutch-style pussy. Sturdily built blonde Blair Williams is of fine stock, hearty enough to work the fields, yet feminine enough to dissuade a slick developer who's bent on building a strip mall on her daddy's property. Williams does a decent job with the Amish accent, but her mouth is put to best use around the developer's prod. She encounters a bit of trouble with that modern invention known as the zipper, though once that technological hurdle is overcome. Williams works his prick like the handle on a butter churn. Her labor is rewarded with a wad of nad nectar to her heaving dairy domes and a reprieve for the family farm. Bright-eyed, fresh-faced brunette Brooke Haze turns in a hot scene, though one laden with humor, intentional or otherwise-her scenemate's outfit looks like it's been repurposed from a grade-school play about the first Thanksgiving, and his three-day stubble is a meager approximation of the traditional Amish crumb-catcher. Still, the erotic verve of Haze's performance is unquestionably authentic as she pounds her pretty face upon her partner's prong and bounces her compact rump on his auger. Apple-cheeked, innocentlooking Cleo Vixen seems tailor-made for the role of a sheltered rural girl ripe for a carnal deflowering. It's to the viewer's great benefit that Vixen doesn't harbor any Amish aversion to being filmed, as she offers up her fine crap-hatch for a little ass worship, Barely Legal Amish Girls 2 puts the "spring" in "rumspringa." To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. -Pico D. Ribibi





HARDCORE SHOWCASE













PLATINUM PUSSY 3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: PRINCE YAHSHUA. STARRING: IVY LEBELLE, JAYE SUMMERS, GABRIELLA PALTROVA, KARLEE GREY & PRINCE YAHSHUA.

YE CEE

Fun facts about platinum: It's among the most precious of metals; it's known for its

malleability: and it's resistant to corrosion and tarnish. Platinum Pussy 3 replicates these qualities to varying degrees of success. The first specimen, lvy Lebelle, suffers a devaluation due to garish tattoos and a physique that suggests an allergy to treadmills. The heavy-hipped coppertop writhes for a bit during a "sexy" dance that brings to mind a bowl of tapioca in an earthquake. Lebelle's belly rolls will likely send viewers rushing for the fast-forward button, but dusky-skinned director/woodsman Prince Yahshua doesn't seem to mind. Tight-bodied dirty blonde Jave Summers puts things back on track. She looks like she should be a midmarket weather girl or model for the young-adults section of JCPenney rather than choking on Nubian blood-bone for the camera, but there she is, shaking her drum-tight booty like there's no tomorrow. Yahshua lays some sweet talk on Summers, instructing her to "Get that dick!" and "Lay down next to daddy" as his plussize pussy plunger batters her sugar walls. Unfortunately, then it's back to the Lane Bryant spectrum of female talent with Gabriella Paltrova. Brunette Karlee Grey ups the quality factor, but she might be a day late and a buck short of saving Platinum Pussy from the discount bin. —P.D.R.





40 YO MILFS' FIRST TIME LESBIAN LICKERS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ANTON SLAYER. STARRING: AALIYAH LOVE, BRIANA BANKS, DANA DEARMOND, JES-SICA JAYMES, MAKAYLA COX, EVA LONG, INDIA SUM-MER & JULIA ANN.

It's never too late to learn a new skill in life. Some people. when approaching middle age, decide to finally pursue their law degrees. The clam-lappers of 40 YO Lesbian Lickers aim a little lower in their self-improvement goals-crotch-high, to be precise-but their efforts toward personal expansion are inspirational nonetheless. Exhibits A and B: Blonde flapflickers Aaliyah Love and Briana Banks. After Banks takes a peek at Love's phone, she discovers that Love has been doing some bone-burying with Banks' boyfriend. The situation could have culminated with Banks ripping Love's flaxen tresses from her scalp in an Applebee's parking lot; instead, they settle their differences by chowing down on each other's sushi. Banks is the aggressor here. folding Love into a fleshy piece of origami as she tongue-spears her twat and asshole. Three cheers for semi-peaceful resolution! Brunette gash-guzzlers Dana DeArmond and Jessica Jaymes are both showing their years, but they bring their experience to the clam juice-covered table in a scene that's heavy on tit worship, with Jaymes motorboating DeArmond's lovely heaving casabas, Remarkably well-preserved porn veteran Julia Ann clocks in for a tender session with India Summer. It's questionable that this was Ann's first time at the girl-trough on the day of the scene's shoot, let alone in her life, but still-she remains rapturous as her tongue slithers along Summer's quivering quim. The ladies of 40 YO MILFs' First Time Lesbian Lickers might be on the tail end of their XXX journeys, but their tail ends are still more than enticing enough to get a rise out of viewers. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. —P.D.R.





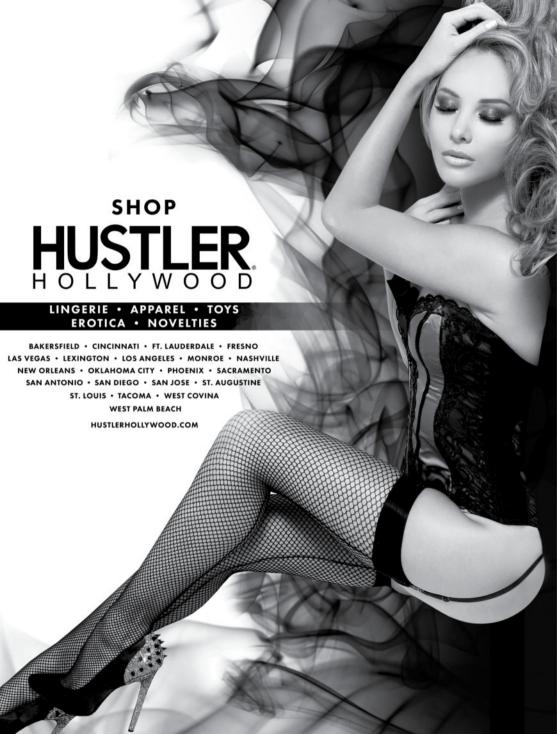
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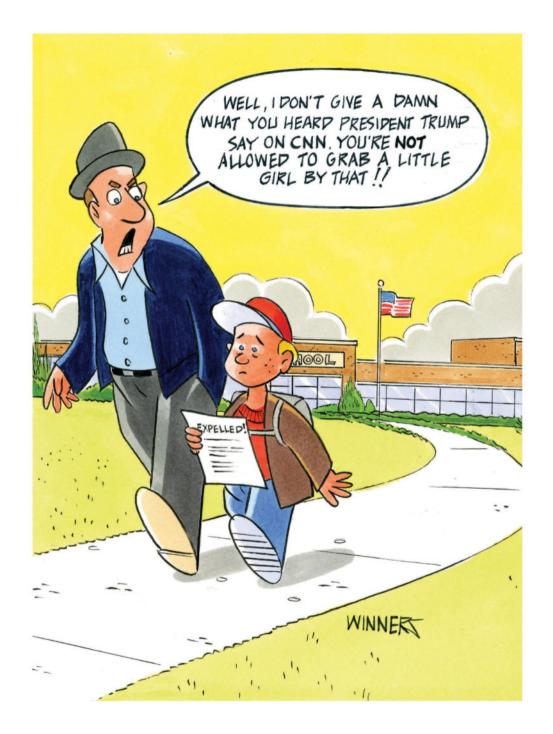






























"Hell, yeah, I like it straight, hard and up the ass! I'm a Repubican girl who voted for Trump!"



EAVER HUNT







EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

BELLA BABY

April showers bring May flowers, while Beaver Hunt brings unbashful beauties who display their pink petals month after month. Bella Baby isn't from a flower powerhouse like the Netherlands or Colombia, but she is adorable and in full bloom. The 5-foot-2 newcomer even has a rose tattooed on her right shoulder. Bella, 26, is from Prague, Czech Republic, and even though she doesn't speak English, she's overcome that obstacle thanks to Google Translate. "I'm a sweet, caring, happy-golucky girl," Bella tells us. "I love going to the cinema, hanging out at the Karlovy Lázně club and wandering in caves - naked. When I'm home, I hate wearing clothes. The guys across the alley don't mind that I rarely close the drapes at night." Bella adds, "I really love oral sex, especially receiving. It always revs me up for a good, hard fucking. I'm very energetic and can go for hours."

-Photos by Omnia Productions

BEAVER HUNT











ELAINA GILBERT

"I'm a motivated, cheerful woman with a heart of gold," declares Elaina Gilbert, 25, from Portland, Oregon. "I'm all about being a giver of hope, love and friendship. I strive at all times to enlighten others in a positive way and bring joy to every situation I'm in." What could be more joyful than getting to see the 5-foot-9 skin-mag rookie in all her naked glory? "When I first picked up a HUSTLER," Elaina recalls, "I couldn't resist taking solid peeks at the models. I'm bisexual. I love women! So being in your magazine isn't just exciting; it's helpful in my pursuit of happiness." That quest is quite comprehensive: "I love being outdoors, especially at the beach. Reggae music and R&B make me feel happy, and the lyrics are relatable. The Vampire Diaries is my all-time favorite thing to watch. The love story within the show mixed with sex, rock 'n' roll and action makes me smile. My sexuality is best described as adventurous. I'm very perceptive and passionate in the bedroom. I cater to those with fetishes, and I enjoy being submissive with the right gentleman. My favorite position is doggy-style. Something about being bent over and letting a man pound my pussy or ass as hard as he likes really makes me feel like a woman." — Photos by Friend











AISHA SHAH

"I feel empowered when I show my nude body to one person," says Aisha Shah, 23, from South Lake Tahoe, California. "Appearing in HUSTLER has magnified that feeling. I can share my beauty with the world and let everyone know that I'm compassionate, sexually alluring and magnetically enticing. Yes, I'm frank, cocky and always ready to please." That explains why the 5-foot-4 hottie is no longer a pastry chef; she's a legal courtesan at Carson City, Nevada's Love Ranch North. But her old job has added a twist to her "straight" sexuality: "Men seem surprised that I love doing naughty things with food. I want to be wined and dined outside and inside the bedroom. Although I tend to be aggressive, I enjoy a partner who isn't afraid to feed me and lead me. I'm seductively attentive to my partners' needs." Aisha's tamer interests include "eclectic tastes in music, but prings with Legos and sitcoms that really make me laugh"—namely Parks and Recreation, The Office and Arrested Development. Her fantasy isn't funny, but it's very recreational: "I've always wanted to just ditch work one day and make love till sundown on a beach." —Photos by Friend





NINA FERRARI

"I'm in two skin businesses, so why wouldn't I want to be naked in Larry Flynt's skin mag?" asks Nina Ferrari from Waco. Texas. "I've been an exotic dancer since the late 1990s and an esthetician for ten years. I'm also a lash stylist, which has nothing to do with whips, and I'm honest, outspoken and free-spirited." Nina makes the most of every waking hour: "I enjoy working out, arts and crafts, rollerblading and watching movies till the sun comes up. Grandma's Boy is one of my favorites." The 5-foot-6 sweetie, a big fan of the rock band Tool, just turned 43, but she's as frisky as a barely legal tart. "I love fucking in places where my partner and I might get caught," Nina fesses up. "The most daring place was a men's bathroom at a Las Vegas hotel while guys were going in and out. Trying to be quiet was next to impossible." Here are a few staples that truly get Nina howling. "I love to role-play during sex," Nina details, "and I'm usually very aggressive with women and more submissive with men. By the way, I'm very flexible. My favorite position is being picked up by a guy and held upside down in a standing 69." -Photos by Ron Neumann





"When I masturbate, I often fantasize about my massage therapist rubbing more than he should while my sexy nail tech is sucking my toes."

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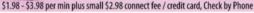
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NATASHA LEGGERO

Cocreator of Comedy Central's Another Period, Leggero explains why our President's family would have prospered in the sexist, incestuous Gilded Age; what working with Andrew "Dice" Clay is like; and how she was duped into watching James Toback fuck a tree. Interview by T.S. Farley. Photography by Victor Lightworship.



In another coup for plutocracy, Trump and his FCC stooge Ajit "the Shit" Pai have overturned net neutrality rules and thrown a wrench into the digital revolution. Will the web survive as a dynamo for innovation and free speech or be hijacked by monopolistic corporations? Indepth analysis by Travis Kelly.



Payback is a bitch. Witness the hottest wives in porn history out to suck and schtup their way to justice. But really, what kind of idiot cheats on luscious ladies like Chanell Heart, Gina Valentina, Misty Stone and India Summer? Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.







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